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WELL DONE!



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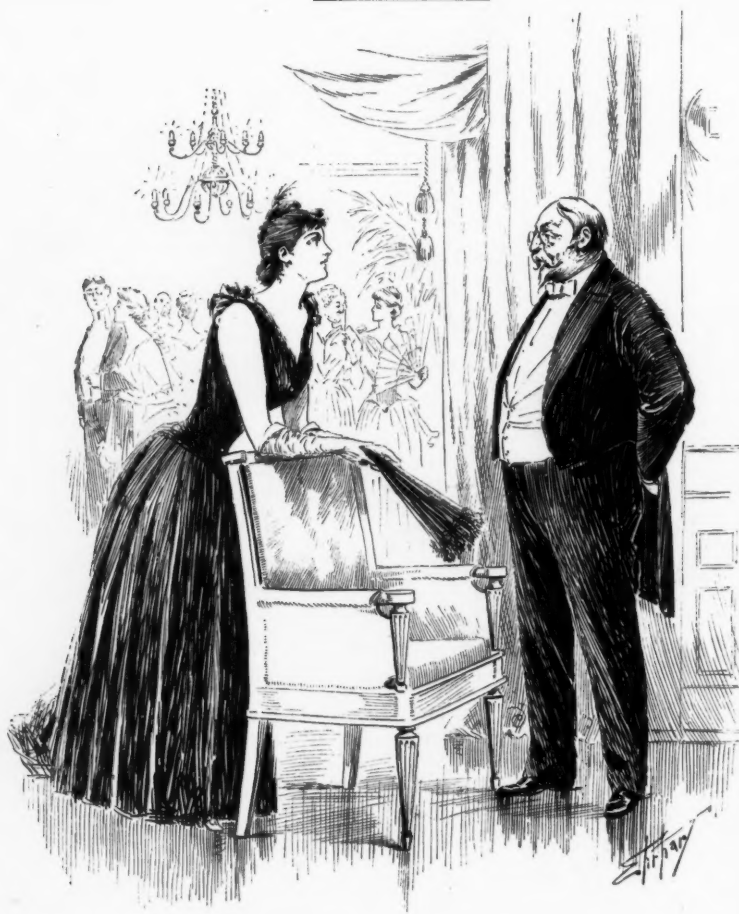
Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, April 29th, 1891. — No. 738.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"TO LIVE LIKE A KING" is the common phrase by which we indicate an ideally luxurious existence. It implies even a happier idleness than that of the President of these United States, who, it is well known, has nothing to do but "eat molasses candy and swing upon the gates." Few of us ever stop to think what a hard-worked, much-troubled man the modern king really is. He is a very different being from the fairy-tale monarch who rides a white horse and wears a gold crown, and spends his leisure hours in counting over his gold for his own amusement and glorification.

Being a king is a business, in these days, like any other business, except that it is more difficult and fatiguing than most, and that it requires peculiar qualifications and calls for unremitting industry and attention. The king who would succeed in his business must be educated for it from the cradle. He must be a diplomat, a soldier, a financier, a linguist, a man of the world, a theologian, and a good shot. He must know how to wring appropriations out of unwilling legislatures; he must know how to satisfy the conflicting claims of various classes and sects and factions; he must keep his people amused, if he can not keep them contented; he must maintain the most delicate and complicated relations with all his fellow-



DEAD LOADS OF IT.

MISS BLANQUE. — So you are going to South America.

GEN. EARLYBIRD. — Yes; to engage in the lottery business.

MISS BLANQUE. — Why, what experience have you?

GEN. EARLYBIRD. — I have been married four times.

monarchs, and, above all, he must work as hard as any humble politician of our own democratic land to make himself "personally popular."

And if he's not uncommonly careful, even at this, he is in constant danger of losing his job. He may be blown up with dynamite, like the Czar of Russia, or whipped in war and driven out of his country, like the Emperor of France, or politely deposed, like the Emperor of Brazil, or reduced to the rank of non-commissioned princes, like a dozen worthy little monarchs who flourished in the day of small nations and whose names are forgotten to-day — and in no one of these cases is his "divine right" worth much more to him than a reasonable credit with such enterprising tailors and haberdashers and hotel-keepers as may want his ex-royal name for an advertisement.

It must be manifest that a business which is in such a condition can not be called flourishing. And, in very truth, the king business seems to be on its last legs, and in approximate danger of extinction — threatened, strangely enough, by no one of the dangers that have threatened it in past ages, but by a danger absolutely conceived and created by the nineteenth century. The subjects of the nineteenth century kings are not tired of them or angry with them — we speak, of course, of constitutional monarchies — they are not enthusiastically in love with republican ideas and principles. They are not stirred by a sense of wrong and oppression. They have little personal feeling in the matter. But year by year they are growing more and more to believe in one great, important, overwhelming truth — that the king business does not pay.

The professional monarch of to-day stands in no fear of a revolution like that which sent Louis XVI to the guillotine. Nobody hates him enough; nobody is angry enough at the system by grace of which he exists to wish for his blood. If he is to be deposed or in any manner put out of the way, it will be simply as a corporation might demand the resignation of its President, and abolish the office — simply because the business might be better conducted without the man or the place. It is purely a question of economics.

What else could be expected, strange as it seems when we think of what it meant to be a king but a century ago? France settled the question of "divine right" and personal sanctity. A century of scientific thought and a well-established diffusion of education has done the rest. Sentiment is no longer possible as the sole basis for any form of government to rest on. It must justify its existence on business principles, or its moral authority vanishes, and it has nothing more than its physical hold upon the people. And this, in these days of a rich, enlightened and self-respecting proletariat, is not the hold it once was.

There are two men in all Europe vitally interested in the matter, who appear to be as clearly cognizant of this truth as the most coolly calculating subjects in their realms. These two men are the bright, hot-headed, eager young Emperor of Germany and — the last man among the possible sovereigns of Europe whom any one would pick out for a deep thinker or a far-sighted statesman — Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

Both seem to have grasped the same fact: each acts on his knowledge in a different direction. The young Emperor is trying hard to revive the dying tradition of divinely founded monarchy. He wants to be a king of the middle-ages — a good king; but a king in the old sense. He would be the father of his people. He would put a chicken into every peasant's pot — so long as the peasant was entirely willing to remain a peasant, and to rear up little peasants to worship their monarch as a creature of a different clay. At the same time he would be feared, as the right hand of God, the scourge of Divine Providence, the anointed minister of Heaven, punishing rebellion to his law as sacrilege against the Power that put him on the throne.

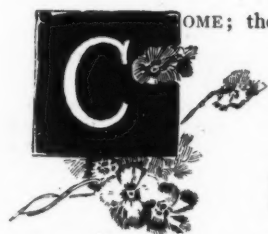
But the heir to the English crown? Ah, he seems to have a very different notion of the way things are going and the way for him to meet them! He does not trouble himself as to whether or no Divine Providence put him in his place. He knows that the People keep him there, and that they pay him his wages. He knows what they want him to do as Heir Apparent and Prince of the Blood, and he goes right conscientiously to work, like the good fat little man that he is, to do it in fair and fitting style. He lays more corner-stones than the Pharaohs; he climbs out on wind-swept bridges, in cold and rain, "to dedicate" them; he descends into mines and tunnels formally "to open" them; he goes to dinners; he makes speeches; he patronizes worthy institutions; he joins masonic societies; he is at everybody's beck and call for all manner of public functions. In fact, in everything except his personal morals, he is the most business-like prince in Europe, and in spite of those, he is the most popular. The youth of twenty-one, within whose lifetime a Czar has been assassinated, an Emperor driven from his throne by a republic, and a King of Prussia made Emperor of Germany, may yet live to see whether Wilhelm or Albert Edward has the right idea in his royal head.



ONLY ONE WAY.

NELLY.—I don't see how we can ever get over!
MAY.—I do—but I hope no one else will.

A MAY MORNING.



COME; the happy winds are roving far and free!
Nature smiles. The streams are moving—
so are we.

Come; with flowers the leas are splendid—
blossomed gay—
Ah, alas, our lease was ended yesterday!
In the sky, cloud rents are letting azure through;
Down here, also, rents are getting rather blue.

Come, come forth! To some sweet spot, oh, let's
depart;
Yes, we will. In fact, we've got to—here's the cart.

Madeline S. Bridges.

ADVICE CHEERFULLY GIVEN.

VOWELLS.—What would you suggest as a preface for my new book?
GROWELLS.—Say that, owing to a press of matter, the story was
unavoidably crowded out.

AN INDICATION.

“Why do you think Georgie will make a good amateur athlete?”
“Why? Because he is so quarrelsome.”

A BAD LOOKOUT.

NEIGHBOR.—I hear your father is sick. What has he got?
SMALL SON.—He's got the doctor.

AN UNDERCUT.

JENNY (*at the window*).—There go Clara and Tenie. I don't like
those girls.

KITTY.—But you must learn to like them, dear, now that you are
engaged to Tom.

JENNY.—What has that to do with my liking or disliking them?

KITTY.—They have both agreed to be sisters to him.

NOT AN EXTINCT RACE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Johnny, who was the prodigal son?

JOHNNY.—Oh, that was the fellow who went away a dude and came
back a tramp.

THE maid, to 'scape a tanning, doth
Her dainty face defend;
But tanning to escape, the boy
Protects the other end.



VERY SWELL.

AMERICAN TOURIST.—What is that mammoth hat for?
—an advertisement, I suppose.

LONDON SHOPMAN.—Oh, no, sir—we've just made it
to order, sir, for Mr. Rudyard Kipling, sir!

HYPNOTIC TALES.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

VIII.

THE GENIAL'S TALE.*

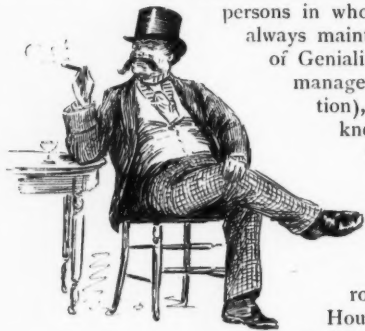


"YOU MUST know," said Colonel Wind, "that I have been a professional Genial for the past six or eight years —"

"Excuse me," interposed the Rich Presbyterian, "but will you kindly tell us precisely what a Genial is?"

The Colonel cleared his throat, and pondered a minute. Then he made answer in slow, impressive tones:

"A Genial is a man who lives, moves, and has his being on a plane of false sympathy and bonhomie, which he creates for himself as he goes along, in which particular he is a sort of self-lubricator. He defrays his expenses, so far as possible, by being genial and whole-souled, by hearty hand-shakes, and by eulogizing people behind their backs when they are sure to hear of it afterward. Of course, he need not always be whole-souled, but his face should resemble a sun-burst when he meets any one who can do him a favor. And there are certain persons in whose presence your true Genial will always maintain the outward and visible signs of Geniality. These are reporters, theatrical managers, landlords, politicians (before election), and beings of that erratic class known as 'wine-openers.'"



"When I determined to embark on a career of Geniality, I sought out my old friend, Judge Doonothing, who has grown gray in his profession, and has a practice which embraces every café and bar-room on Broadway, from the Astor House to 42nd Street."

"The best thing for you to do," said the Judge, "is to get hold of a reporter, tell him some infernal lie or other, and he'll be sure to stick it in his paper. Once get a start of this sort, and it's an easy matter to follow it up with other stories. I tell you, Colonel, (here he lowered his voice to a mysterious whisper,) newspaper men are the biggest gudgeons on earth. There are a dozen papers in this town, and it seems to me that they're run for no earthly purpose except to publish a 'Man-about-Town' column, or a 'How-the-World-Wags' column, or something of the sort. And what's the object of those columns? Why, simply to make men like you and me famous. After they've made celebrities of us, they've got to go on writing about us every day; and when Sunday comes, you find our homely old mugs grinning at you from every printed page in the city. I tell you, old man, there's nothing equal to being a Genial here in New York, if you want to get along easy. Here comes a reporter, now; I'll introduce you to him, and ten to one he'll give you a start."

"A well-dressed, alert-looking man, who was strolling through the café, stopped to exchange a word of greeting with my friend."

"Sit down, Mr. Spacerayt," said the Judge, in his sonorous voice; "you're just in time to join us in something. I want you to know Colonel Wind, and I want the Colonel to know you." Then I heard him whisper to the reporter: "Great character, the Colonel. Everybody round town knows him. Full of stories. Get him to tell you one, and you'll have something to put in your paper to-morrow."

"The next morning I awoke to find myself, if not exactly famous, still on the high road to it, for I was a Genial. Mr. Spacerayt had started me on my journey along the corridors of Fame with a paragraph which began: 'Passing through the St. Anthony House Café, the other evening, I found my friend, Judge Doonothing, entertaining a party of convivial spirits in his customary hospitable fashion, and listening to

the stories of that prince of raconteurs, Colonel Wind, who convulsed the party with the following anecdote of life in Arkansas.' The paragraph ended in this manner: 'When the laughter which followed the Colonel's narrative had subsided, the Judge wiped the tears of mirth from his eyes, and gave it as his judicial decision that the next bottle should be on the veteran; and a moment later a suspicious popping in the vicinity of the table indicated that the sentence had been carried out.'

"From the moment of the appearance of Mr. Spacerayt's little tale — marked copies of which I mailed to every one of my acquaintance — my fame grew rapidly and steadily, and within a year I had attained such an exalted rank in my profession that no gathering of Genials was complete without my presence, any more than it would have been without the free lunch; and I could spend an evening — and nothing else — in the most delightful manner at a table in a café, and be puffed in half the papers in the city the following Sunday. The out-of-town correspondents seized upon me with avidity, especially after Judge Doonothing had introduced me to them as 'a great character,' which means, literally, a man of no character at all. Horrible process cuts, bearing a distant resemblance to my face, and labeled, 'Colonel Wind, the famous raconteur,' glistened in the columns of the contemporaneous press. Managers sent me tickets for first nights, and welcomed me to their private offices, where the critics found refreshment."

"I organized the Uptown Genials' Mutual Protective and Promotive Association, and I am proud to say that it is largely owing to my efforts that that admirable benevolent order is to-day active in its charitable work."

"Benevolent order?" said the Rich Presbyterian, interrogatively; "I don't think I ever heard of any charitable association of that name. With what particular acts of mercy has it identified itself?"

"Acts of mercy!" exclaimed the Genial; "why, we promote and encourage acts of mercy and benevolence of every description, provided, of course, that we are the recipients. Cigars, drinks, theatre tickets, new hats, dinners, loans of ten dollars — everything, in short, that is the legitimate prey of the Genial comes in generous profusion to the members of our society, which includes, by the way, the most expert and experienced Genials to be met with in the city."

Judge Doonothing is, of course, a member in high standing, as becomes a man of his title; and I may add that nobody can join us unless he can show that he became a Genial by a sequence of events as natural and legitimate as that which produces a jack-pot in a game of draw."

"For example, my friend, General Stuffe, is a Genial, because at a remote period in his career he was a militia captain in California. That entitles him to the rank of General here, with full license to tell stories of the Argonauts of '49, the vigilance committee which he organized, gold mines which he discovered — in short, there is absolutely no limit to the opportunities for reminiscence enjoyed by a California Genial."

"Another member of our association, Mr. Horatio Hasbeen, was an actor once, during what he calls the 'palmy days of the American drama,' a period which, I believe, terminated with the Civil War. He is entitled to all reminiscences beginning: 'I've played a wide range of parts during my fifty years' connection with the stage, but the greatest triumph I have ever known —' or, 'The other day I met Teddy Booth, and he reminded me of the time,' etc."

"Well, our society had its headquarters at the St. Anthony House, and we were to be found there nearly every evening, lying in wait for any chance acquaintance who might come along. We have withdrawn our custom from that hotel, on account of the outrageous treatment to which we were subjected a short time ago by the



proprietor and one of his wretched hirelings; and it will be a long while, I can tell you, before any of us will darken the doors of that café again.

"One evening I dropped in, as usual, and, to my surprise, was very cordially greeted by the proprietor. I was surprised, because, for some time previous, his face had assumed a morose look whenever he encountered me; and once or twice he had sent a waiter over to ask me if I wished to order anything, when he knew perfectly well that I never entertained any intention of the kind.

"On this occasion the proprietor of the St. Anthony not only greeted me with the most marked courtesy, but also presented me to a young man of a pleasant cast of countenance and unsophisticated look, toward whom my heart instantly warmed.

"Mr. Pointdexter, as the stranger was called, shook my hand with much respect, remarking that he had often read of me in the newspapers, and was glad to make my acquaintance. He hoped I would join him in a glass of something, and, scarcely were the glasses filled,



before old Hasbeen, who had been eying us enviously from a remote corner of the café, bore down upon us, tapped me playfully on the shoulder, and was about to pass on after a merry 'What, ho! Antonio! Again upon the Rialto?' when Mr. Pointdexter begged that I would present my friend. I did so, and Mr. Hasbeen was induced to bide with us, and have a glass of whiskey.

"I had just begun a story of Arkansas life, to which the actor listened with as much grave interest as if he had never heard it before, when Judge Doonothing, smelling the bottle from afar off, awoke suddenly and beheld us. He took in the situation at a glance, and, as soon as he could catch Mr. Hasbeen's eye, waved his hand, and bowed to him in the most urbane manner. The histron acknowledged the salutation in such a demonstrative way that Mr. Pointdexter's attention was attracted.

"My old friend, Judge Doonothing,' observed Mr. Hasbeen, pleasantly. 'You know him, of course! What? Never met the Judge? Why, I supposed every one in the city knew Judge Doonothing. You ought to know him, for you'd like him, and I'm positive he'd like you. Here, I'll call him over.' And in another moment the Judge was with us. While we were in a full tide of whole-souled Geniality, Captain Rafferty hurried in breathless, and was closely followed by Mr. Stemwinder, who is a Genial because he carries a trained rat in his coat pocket, attached by a cord to his button-hole.

"It was eight o'clock when I joined Mr. Pointdexter, and at midnight

there were fully a dozen of the leading Genials of the city pounding the table as they testified to the merits of one another, and becoming very much absorbed in conversation whenever the waiter came round. The pile of checks in front of our host made him look like a big winner at faro.

"At exactly midnight, just as Judge Doonothing was starting in with: 'Along back in the Spring of '55, or it may have been the Fall of '54, when I was practising law in St. Louis—' Mr. Pointdexter suddenly interrupted him with, 'Bless my soul! I'd no idea it was so late. Well, gentlemen, let's settle these checks and go.'

"Settle the checks? What in the world did the man mean? Did he expect a band of professional Genials to pay for the liquor they consumed? Evidently the new-comer was not familiar with the habits of the regular frequenters of the St. Anthony café.

"Well, sir,' said the Judge, pompously, 'we have enjoyed your hospitality very much, and trust that we shall meet you here frequently.'

"I shall be here every evening,' said Mr. Pointdexter, smiling in rather a queer way, and absently fingering the pile of checks; 'I have been engaged here as the regular detective of the house, and have just begun my duties this evening.'

"Well, have you detected anything yet?' asked Mr. Hasbeen, merrily.

"No,' said Mr. Pointdexter; 'I was assigned to this table to see if I could detect any one in the act of paying for a round of drinks, but I have n't succeeded yet.' There was a great shout of laughter at this, and on looking round I saw that the proprietor of the house, three or four of the bar-tenders, and half a dozen waiters had gathered about us, and were enjoying the scene hugely. We left the room with haste and dignity, and from that day to this not one of us has ever darkened the door of the St. Anthony café."

"It is getting rather late, I am afraid," remarked the Chaperon at the conclusion of the Genial's Tale, for she did not care to have the Boston Girl listen to stories about bar-rooms.

"But it's your turn, Madam!" cried the Representative Business Man. "You must n't leave us without contributing to the evening's entertainment."

The Chaperon began to object, but the Hypnotist had fixed his eyes on her, and there was no help for it; she was obliged to talk.



PILLS VS. BILLS.

MR. HACKING KOFF. — Doctor, did n't you make a mistake in going into medicine, instead of the army?

DR. EAGLE. — Why?

MR. KOFF. — By the way you charge your friends, there would n't be much left of an enemy.

THE VALUE of a compliment lies in its placing. "Heart of oak" is more pleasantly received than "wooden head."

PARTY WARFARE — Whiskey.

RUN TO EARTH — Electric Wires.

HORSE CENTS — Cab-fare.

A DEFECTIVE UTTERANCE — "I've Done Wrong."

A WINNING WAY — The Coal Dealer's.

PUCK'S PARLIAMENTARY DEFINITIONS.



THE QUESTION BEFORE THE HOUSE.



SHUTTING OFF DEBATE.

HIS DISCIPLES.

FOWLKES. — Janeway thinks he has a solution of all our financial problems. He is the new Prophet of Anti-penury.

NASH. — Has he any followers?

FOWLKES. — Yes; a few detectives.

"ACTIONS SPEAK louder than words." We may never say die, but we've all got to do it.

THE MAN on the street-car is never without a spur to his ambition. He is always told to "move up."

THE SCHOOL-BOY who spelled robber "rober" must have had a prophetic intimation of the tailors to come.

THE BELT LINE — The Waist.

LUNCH-TIME — Credit at the Restaurant.

SHATTERED HOPES.



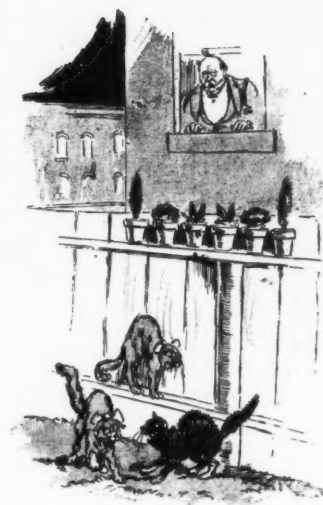
Mr. Singleton presents his pretty neighbor with a few plants —



— which she disposes artistically thus: —



— or, as viewed from Mr. Singleton's side of the fence, thus: —



— So, when the disturbance begins —

A TAILOR-MADE JOKE.

MR. OLIVER JEX (*displaying his London suit*). — How is this for a fit?
MR. SNIPPEN SHEERS (*critically*). — Well, it is decidedly apoplectic.

A FATAL DEFECT:

LAFFAN B. FATT. — I tell you that jokes are evolved, like everything else.
C. NICOLL SNEER. — Well, they don't obey the same laws as other evolved things.

LAFFAN B. FATT. — Indeed!

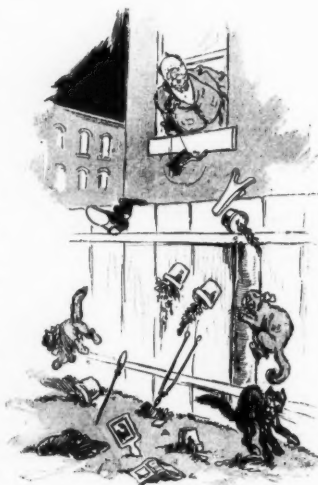
C. NICOLL SNEER. — They don't seem to be affected by the law of the "survival of the fittest."

THEY ALL DO THAT.

MRS. BROOK. — My husband keeps account of every drink he takes.

MRS. BANKS. — Are you sure?

MRS. BROOK. — Oh, yes; the dear fellow says he never gets one that he does n't put it down!



— he not unnaturally mistakes the origin of the uproar; —



— but is undeceived the next morning, when he comes down to gather up his missiles.

A GOOD REASON.

CUSTOMER. — Your ten-cent shine is n't as good as your five-cent one.

BOOTBLACK. — I know it, sir; that's the reason I charge more. They injure my reputation.

NECESSARILY.

Marriage is a failure when the man handles all the assets, and the woman all the liabilities.

APRIL SHOWERS.

SHARP. — Renthaus is going to move again.

FLAT. — How do you know?

SHARP. — He's using up the back steps for kindling.

A LOCAL LYRIC.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the muddy crossings
In Manhattan's land.

ANOTHER INFANT PHENOMENON.

NUPOP. — Maria, I believe that baby knows now what it took Sir Isaac Newton a life of thought to find out.

MRS. NUPOP. — How absurd! What do you mean?

NUPOP. — Just notice how he tilts that bottle to gravitate the milk his way.

THE BOSTON MAID.

She's sweeter than the flowers she treads,
The day is brighter when she walks;
But, oh, the dictionary feels
Acute lumbago when she talks!

LABOR CONQUERS all things, but it has to wrestle pretty hard with the Walking Delegate.

EVIL SOMETIMES meets with the same result as good. The wolf at the door finds the cupboard in the same shape that it opened to Mother Hubbard's dog.

THE "WEE SMA' HOUR" GLASS is an article that causes the sands of life to run quickly.

AN ALMANAC is the cemetery to which the aged joke is driven at last.

OTHER FOLKS dislike to get into hot water; but the housekeeper hates to get out of it.

COLONEL GLASS. — You tell me there are water snakes?

PROFESSOR BUGGS. — Why, certainly!

COLONEL GLASS. — Dear me! With water snakes and whiskey snakes, what is a man to do. He is in danger of dying of thirst.



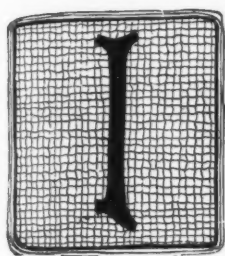
GOOD THINGS COME HIGH.

"What's the matter? Sore neck?"

"Oh, I have been looking at all the good pictures at the Academy! This is the result."



WHAT TO DO IN AN EMERGENCY.



IT FREQUENTLY HAPPENS that we are by when the cry goes up that some one has read a Sunday paper, and is suffering from the effects. This is a case requiring serious attention. There are few things that a layman can do, and a board of insanity experts should be convened without delay. In the meantime the victim should be laid carefully on the ground, with his feet higher than his head (and *vice versa*); and staked down firmly as an offset to his belief that everything is going round and round.

What is more calculated to strike fear to the heart and to paralyze the faculties, than to learn, as one often will in society, the startling intelligence that some homely but rich young woman has traded herself off for a foreign Count, with his coronet and harness thrown in. Certainly, such an unfortunate is the victim of her own folly, and one is tempted to let her suffer. However, humanity demands that we should seem kind-hearted by affecting compassion and pretending to do something; and the best thing to do is probably this: have the young woman sit down in a cool place; tie a thick cloth over her ears, so that she may not be distressed by unkind remarks, and give her the Constitution of the United States to read. If she is irritable, give her a lump of sugar. Duck the Count in a horse-trough. With careful nursing the young woman will be engaged to another Count in a week.

What is to be done when a person is found suffering with the big-head? One who would be of service must act quickly.

If the accident has happened through the victim's having an article accepted by a magazine, set him instantly to writing another. Its rejection will be a palliative. If the cause of the sad affair is the possession of wealth, converse with the invalid about the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Rothschilds, and other Rockfellers—it will cool his fevered brain.

If the patient is the victim of his own personal beauty, take him to see the classic statues. This treatment is effectual, but it is also very harsh, and should not be prolonged. There are two sad cases in which remedies are in vain: they are those of the minister who has made a "sensation," and the woman who has been asked to act as president of a Woman's Society for the Suppression of the Fear of Mice.

Williston Fish.

THE POET LOVES the gladsome Spring,
The violet, the peeping daisy;
And loves to loaf and of them sing,
Because he's so infernal lazy.



LEAVING THE OLD HOUSE.

MRS. BURBAN.—You are sure you have left nothing?

MR. BURBAN.—Nothing that I want, my dear. (*Aside*).
The lawn mower is in the garret.

A STRANGE FAITH.

THERE'S THE FAITH of the Islamite—he who believes
The tale of the coffin suspended in air;
And there is the woman who casts, while she grieves,
Her babe in the Ganges, and whispers a prayer.

And there is the savage, who bows to his god
That he fashioned of wood with his chisel of stone;
And there is the wretch who lies down in the sod,
While the Juggernaut rolls over body and bone.

But the man who believes, spite of figures and facts,
That the higher the taxes the higher his wage,
And swears by the Tariff League's pamphlets and tracts,
Has the strangest, most curious faith of the Age.

J. D. Miller.



TO THE SHARKS.

SHIPWRECKED HEBREW.—Well, if dot sign
don't attract attention, I makes an assignment.

A COOK BOOK.

MR. ONDIT.—They say that Ward McAllister is, in reality, nothing more than a cook.

MR. VRAIMENT.—Yes; and he prepared a nice bowl of soup for himself when he published that book.

A SINGER TO A SINGER.

A robin sat upon a tree,
And sang and sang and sang and sang.
"You do that well, O Young Birdee!"
A poet said as by passed he.
"It could not be
Much better done by me
Or Andrew Lang!"

FOR THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

"Where vas you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-Maying, sir," she said.
"Vell, I haf here der finest remedy in der
worltd for coughs and colds, only ten cent.
Vont you take one?"

HISSED OFF.

"That was hard luck Sarah Bernhardt had the other day."
"What was it?"
"Why, in the last act of Cleopatra, her asp got angry and hissed at her till she had to leave the stage."

THE SURE WAY.

"Let's see—what is the best way to approach Mr. Depew?"
"From the other side of the dinner-table. You will be sure to find him agreeable."



THE SOWER AND THE REAPER.

"UNCONSCIOUS OF THEIR DOOM."



PUCK.



PRONUNCIATION

BULL

UKASE



A WHITE ELEPHANT.

ROUNDSMAN.—Phat hov yez there?

OFFICER KELLY.—A deef 'n' dumb Chinyman, wid an ilegint jag on.

ROUNDSMAN.—Well, phere 'r' yez goin' wid 'im?

OFFICER KELLY.—The Captain tould me t' tek 'im down t' Mulberry Bind 'n' lose 'im.



SPRING REFLECTIONS OF THE SEA SERPENT.

"HEH! NOW, LET'S SEE what sort of a route that idiot of a manager of mine has made out for me. Season opens on June 1st, eh? I don't see why he makes the opening so late. When do we close? September 15th, is it? Well, how in the name of common sense do they expect an honest, hard-working sea serpent to earn enough in three months and a half to live on all the rest of the year? What's this?"

"Note.—All appearances before July 4th will be made to small audiences, as people do not now go to the country till after that date. Terms up to July 4th will, therefore, be fifty per cent. of the gross receipts."

"Oh, this is simply preposterous! And I've always had seventy per cent. I shall have to discharge that fellow. He's playing me for a sucker; but I'll make him understand that I'm no fish."

"Why can't he arrange for my appearance at some of the twenty-five-cent baths around New York? I suppose the blanked idiot never thought of that. Now, let's see what sort of a route we have, any how. First stand, Atlantic City, June 1st and 3rd. There's an idle day—oh, no; I see; h'm—June 2nd, Delaware Breakwater, guarantee. I don't see what the deuce they want of me at Delaware Breakwater. I don't like the place, any how, and the travel around there is vile. The last time I went around I scraped myself dreadfully, the road-bed is so confoundedly uneven off the Cape. And the feed is simply wretched. Those Delaware shad—ugh! I must insist on their sending me down a few trout for breakfast, any how. Atlantic City is well enough in its way. What comes next? Tom's River! Well, I never played in that place. That must be a jay town of the rankest kind. What do I get there? Ah, seventy-five per cent. of the gross receipts and expenses paid. They must want me pretty badly."

"Point Pleasant, Sea Girt, Spring Lake—all those are good. I've done good business at all of them. Ocean Beach I am not so much stuck

on. The last time I was there I got a cool reception, owing to the fact that a fellow by the name of Bennet, who runs an oyster-dive on the north shore of Shark River had a mermaid on exhibition. Every one knows there is no such thing as a real mermaid; but they all go to see 'em whenever they're faked. Key East is off. That's right—too near Ocean Beach. Ocean Grove and Asbury Park—ah, here we are! I get seventy-five per cent. of the gross for four appearances during the week of July 4th, and am to have a special electric light appearance in the surf on the evening of the Fourth. I tell you that's a live place, that is. I'll give 'em a few extra touches there. I have n't done much lashing lately. I guess I'll lash up a little foam with my tail. I'm told that takes immensely with the upper part of the house."

"Hello! What's this? No date at Long Branch? Ah, here's another note."

"Hollywood is too far back from the sea, and the other hotels will not put up a red cent. The proprietors say that they are getting all the chosen of Israel without extra attraction, and that the children of Abraham don't go strong on snakes, it having been foretold that they should trample the seed of the serpent."

"That makes me tired. Well, if I'm not to appear at Long Branch, I'll bet four dollars I don't show at Coney Island, either. I'm sick of this route, any how. Next season I shall go abroad. I'll bet there's a heap of scads for me at Brighton and Scarborough and Boulogne-sur-Mer and those places."

Tricotrin.

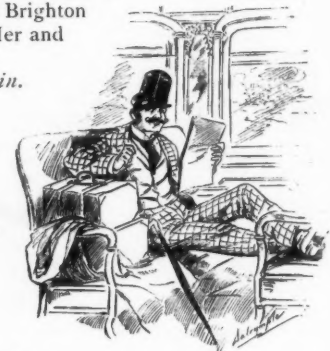
INSATIABLE.

On four seats of a railway car,

Amidst his traps, the drummer sat,

And wished he had but one seat more

In which to place his high silk hat.



FAR WORSE.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—I had an awful dream last night. I thought I had stolen your best suit of clothes, and was wearing it down street.

UPSON DOWNES.—And I met you?

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Worse than that. It was your tailor.



MOVED TO DESPERATION.

EXCITED INDIVIDUAL.—Is this where they swear people?

NOTARY PUBLIC.—Yes, sir; what can I do for you?

EXCITED INDIVIDUAL.—Gimme the book, quick—I want to take an oath never to put down another carpet!



THE FUTURE OF ART.

ART NOTE.—“Brownson Browne has already sold over half of his new landscape.”

A NAPOLEON OF FINANCE.

Withers had been talking about eighty-cent dollars for some time.

“As I understand you,” said Jimson, “a dollar to-day is worth eighty cents?”

“Precisely,” returned Withers.

“Then, owing you one hundred dollars, as I do, I, in reality, owe you one hundred times eighty cents, or eighty dollars.”

“Well,” began Withers, “you — er — well, yes. For the sake of my point, eighty dollars is the value of my claim against you.”

“Good!” ejaculated Jimson, counting out some money. “There’s your cash. Now give me a receipt.”

“But there’s only sixty-four dollars here,” said Withers.

“No; there are eighty times eighty cents—or eighty dollars, which, as you just said, is the value of your claim. That’s sixty-four dollars. Receipt, please.”

And then — Withers fainted.

THERE ARE SERMONS in stones and buttons in the contribution-box.

THE HIGH JUMPER may practice patiently, but his cherished object is to win success at a bound.

TO BE WELL SHAKEN BEFORE USING — Last Year’s Light Suit that you are Resurrecting.

A LITERARY PIRATE — Something much more Romantic than the Real One.

A FLOURISHING STATE — Penn.

A MAN NEVER gets too old to hint at what a sly devil he was when a boy.

LOVE IS BLIND, but small brothers are not.

THE MAN who has “gone to grass” finds that he has to keep off of it when he has got to the public parks.

AN OLD STICK-IN-THE-MUD — An Anchor.

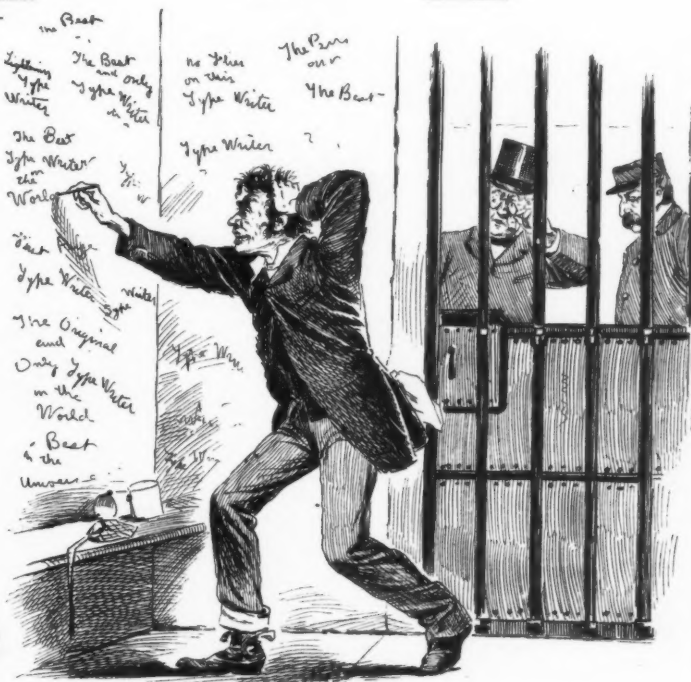
IF A DUMB MAN could suddenly regain his speech, the first long-pent-up words he would utter would doubtless be — “I told you so!”

THE MOUSTACHE is a thing of beauty, but it never has sense enough to get out of the wet.

ALWAYS AT HIS Z’S — The Russian Typo.

WE HEAR of childhood’s sweet simplicity, but woman’s first exclamation on seeing a baby is, “Oh, how cunning!”

DISAGREEABLE TRUTH is never hidden in the bottom of a well. It always comes to the surface.



SMALL WONDER.

ASYLUM VISITOR.—What made this poor fellow crazy?
KEEPER.—He wanted to buy a type-writer, and he wanted to get the best one in the market.

It would be idle to attempt to prove the popularity of the Sohmer Piano. Every child in the United States and Canada knows the Sohmer.

NEVER BREAK YOUR WORD—Unless you can do it where a hyphen will fit in nicely.

PLAYING FOR SMALL STAKES—The Town-site Company.

ON THE STROKE OF EIGHT—The Fortunes of a Boat Race.

THERE IS always room for one more in the soup.

GIVEN THE SLIP — Ferry Boats.

Ex parte — That of Greenbacks.

IT IS AS necessary for the fast young man to Slow Down Rapidly as it is for the steady young man to Make Haste Slowly.

IF YOU have never bought a copy of PUCK’S LIBRARY, do so at once, and see whether it is n’t a “rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun.”

The last Number out is called “Togs; Being Puck’s Best Things About Rags, Tags, and Velvet Gowns.” Price, 10 cents per copy.



HIRES
ROOT BEER
THE GREAT HEALTHY DRINK.
Package makes 5 gallons. Delicious, sparkling, and appetizing. Sold by all dealers. FREE a beautiful Picture Book and cards sent to any one addressing C. E. HIRES & CO., Philadelphia.

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40 Amer. Champion, highest grade	... \$100	\$60

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

REFRESHING and INVIGORATING.

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LAVENDER

SALTS

Sold every where, in Crown stoppered bottles only.

Young Americans

Who do not wish to lose their hair before they are forty, must begin to look after their scalps before they are twenty.
— N. Y. Medical Record.

PREVENT

BALDNESS.

Dermatologists tell us that: The chief requirement of the hair is cleanliness—thorough shampooing for women once a fortnight, and for men once a week, and that the best agent for the purpose is

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club B'd'g.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1128 Main Street.

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His well known signature as the trade mark of
LIEBIG COMPANY'S Extract of Beef.

For Delicious Beef Tea.

For improved and Economic Cookery.

A FAR GREATER HERO.

VISITOR (to DIME MUSEUM EXHIBIT).—Are you the man who eats glass?

EXHIBIT.—No; I'm the man who eats the biscuit that my wife bakes.—*The Epoch.*

ALONZO.—I say, ol' chap, I just dropped in to see if you would go for a spin on the boulevard with me.

ADOLPHUS.—Can't, deah boy. I'm deucedly afraid of going into the air so soon after being manicured, doncherknow.—*America.*

WELL QUALIFIED.

YOUNG MAN.—I see you have advertised for a book-agent.

PUBLISHER.—Yes, sir; what recommendations have you?

YOUNG MAN.—I solicited subscriptions for the crew, at college, last year.

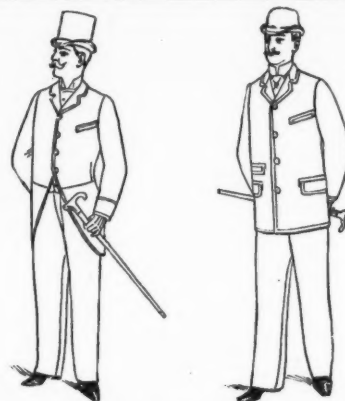
PUBLISHER.—You'll do.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

YOU and I might not know where to deliver a letter addressed "Mr. Terbakerman, Bangor," but a postal clerk figured it out right away. He forwarded it to the revenue officer in that division, and it proved to be from a man who wanted to pay a special tax for the sale of tobacco.—*Boston Post.*

Armour's Extract of BEEF.

The best and most economical "Stock" for Soups, Etc. One pound equals 45 pounds of prime lean Beef. Send for our book of receipts showing use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago.



FOUR-BUTTON SACK AND CUTAWAY.

WE HAVE A SPECIAL BARGAIN IN BLACK AND BLUE CLAY'S DIAGONALS, ALSO F. & H. THIBETS. THESE GOODS ARE SOFT FINISH, AND WE WARRANT THEM NOT TO WEAR GLOSSY, WITH A SELECTION OF 600 STYLES IN LIGHT, MEDIUM AND DARK STRIPES FOR TROUSERS.

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TROUSERS TO ORDER, \$5.00.

SIXTY DOLLARS IS THE USUAL PRICE CHARGED FOR THE IDENTICAL SAME GOODS, WITH NO BETTER STYLE, TRIMMING, OR WORKMANSHIP THAN OURS.

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SAMPLES, FASHION REVIEW, TAPE MEASURE, AND OUR SIMPLE GUIDE FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

ARNHEIM'S Mammoth Tailoring Establishment, BOWERY AND SPRING ST., NEW YORK.

5 Hours or 5 Minutes?
You need five hours, to say nothing of the trouble to make a soup which, when served, is often a failure.
Five minutes only are required to heat a can of our soups made by French Chefs of world-wide reputation, who make it their business.
Our soups are carefully and cleanly prepared, and cause a dinner to begin like a feast.



Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consommé, Purée of Game, Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, French Bouillon, Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Pearl Tapioca.

First-class grocers keep them, but look out for imitations.

None genuine without the above trade-mark on the label.

A sample can sent on receipt of the price of postage, 14 cents.

Packed in quart, pint and ½ pt. cans, and in 1½ pint glass jars.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

HENRY LINDENMEYER,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.

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BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUSTON ST. NEW YORK.

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BANKING BUSINESS with

LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, BANKER, 50 Broadway, N. Y.

SUBURBAN COLORINGS.

ARTIST (with elevated eyebrows).—Humph! You've been having your house painted, I see.

SUBURBAN HOST (proudly).—Yes. Looks gay, don't she?

ARTIST (with cutting irony).—Why did n't you put on more colors?

HOST (apologetically).—The store I went to only had six colors.—*New York Weekly.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

All genuine CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGARS have a band bearing his name, as in above cut. This is the finest 10-cent Cigar manufactured in the world. For the past ten years it has been sold by the leading jobbers in the United States, and has steadily increased in popularity and volume, having reached in 1889 over three and three-quarter millions; and it will reach five millions for 1890, and it to-day stands without a rival. For sale by all FIRST-CLASS RETAILERS in the principal cities throughout AMERICA. It is manufactured in two sizes—BOUQUET EXTRAS, packed 25 and 50 in a box, and BOUQUET LONDRES, packed 100 in a box. If you desire a fragrant and delicious smoke, equal to many IMPORTED 20-cent cigars, the BOUQUET will surely please you, and the name of UPMANN, which every cigar bears, should be a sufficient guarantee of its high standard quality to satisfy the most fastidious consumer.



A BOTTLE OF THIS SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME.
For Sale by all Druggists, Liquor Dealers, and Grocers.

FOSTER'S BITTERS.
The Oldest and Best of All STOMACH BITTERS, and as fine a cordial as ever made. To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

The Back-Numbers of Puck's LIBRARY are "never out of print."

IT DEPENDS ON THE CHILD.

A man down East has invented a washing machine, the motive power of which is a swing in which a child is placed. The child swings to and fro, and the motion causes the machine to run, with the result that the family washing is done up in good shape. As long as the child does not know that it is doing any work, it would seem that this would be a good scheme; but those who are familiar with the nature of children, will readily see that as soon as the child finds out that the swing is connected with a washing machine, it will suddenly take a strong dislike to the amusement of swinging and get out of it by some excuse or another.—*Peck's Sun.*

A CARELESS TRAVELER.

CHICAGO MAN (on Washington limited).—Hello! What's the matter?

CONDUCTOR.—Matter?

"Yes. What are you stopping here for?"

"This is Philadelphia."

"Well, I'll be dinged! I intended to take the through express, and I've struck a way-train."—*New York Weekly.*

THAT was an ingenious disciple of Isaak Walton who fished for electric eels with a lightning rod.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Arnold, Constable & Co. SPRING DRESS GOODS.

Scotch and English Suitings,
Mixtures, Checks and Stripes.
Serges, Camel's Hair Cloths, Homespuns, Cheviots,
Printed Challies, Wool Crepons,
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PUCK BUILDING, NEW YORK. Estab. 1880. Send for Estimates.

A CALIFORNIA inventor has built a boat made entirely of soap. It ought to be just the thing for a scrub race.—*Boston Transcript.* Or for a man to get washed ashore in.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"THE PERFECTION OF OLIVE OIL." RAE'S FINEST SUBLIME LUCCA OIL The very best quality, of uniform standard excellence and absolutely Pure Olive Oil.

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1836.

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LECHORN, TUSCANY, ITALY.

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"We are advertised by our loving friends."

King Henry VI.

The Portraits of Healthy Infants Sent by Thankful Parents Offer Irrefutable Evidence Of the Excellence of MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

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Invites correspondence



ELLSWORTH D. ELSTON,
Port Jervis, N. Y.

A SOLEMN MOMENT.

After the bridal party partook of a sumptuous banquet, a younger brother of the bride got up, and said solemnly, raising his glass:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have to propose a toast, which, however, must be drunk standing. Please take take your glasses and rise up."

"Now," said the young scapegrace, "if you will remain standing for a few minutes, I'll find out who has been sitting on my new stove-pipe hat."—*Texas Siftings.*

PAT AND THE GUINEA-HEN.

PAT.—Excuse me, sor; but fhat soort of a burd do yez call that frickled janius jigglin' the parts of spache on the fince beyant?

FARMER.—Why, that's a guinea-hen.

PAT.—A guinea-hen, is id? Well, be the poipes o' Ballyowen! It's not worth it, so it is n't.—*Boston Courier.*

A FREAK in a New York museum has four hands, and when asked the other day how he felt, replied: "Oh, I feel like another man."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW. We clean or dye the most delicate shade or fabric. No ripping required. Repair to order. Write for terms. We pay expressage both ways. McEWEEN'S STEAM DYE WORKS AND CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT, NASHVILLE, TENN. 68¢ Name this Paper every time you write. 134

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BORTHWICK, BATTY & CO., Portland, Oregon.

PRAYER of the football player before the game—"Now I lame me"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*
"MONEY is close, but not close enough to reach," remarks a Western contemporary.—*Boston Post.*



★ THE STAR BANJO ★

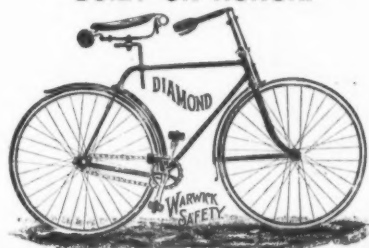
Is made on entirely new principles and produces the most desirable quality of tone combined with the greatest volume and carrying power, making it the finest instrument extant for stage or parlor use. Price list mailed free.

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RED HAND ALLSOPP'S ALE.
BOTTLED BY THE BREWERS IN ENGLAND.
HIGHEST GRADE IMPORTED.
SOLD EVERYWHERE. 176

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.50, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,
**C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.**

PERFECTION CYCLES. "BUILT ON HONOR."



**THEY ARE LEADERS.
GUARANTEED.
ALL FITTED WITH
CUSHION TIRES.
WARWICK CYCLE MANUFACTURING CO.,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**

SAFES.

THE MOST RELIABLE SAFE IN THE MARKET
IS THE MOSLER.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

SYRACUSE, New York.

"We are pleased to state that the large Mosler fire and burglar-proof jewelers' safe, which we were using during the severe fire of February 15th, preserved its contents to our great satisfaction. The safe fell two stories to the cellar, and remained in the fire nearly three days." STANDARD WATCH CO.

Parties desiring strictly fire and burglar-proof safes should examine our stock of new and second-hand goods before purchasing elsewhere.

MOSLER SAFE CO.,

BROADWAY, COR. 10th STREET, N. Y. CITY.

BUSINESS CARDS \$1.00 per 1,000. Good stock and work. Send 10 cents for samples. All other printing at equally low rates. Send for estimates. **G. H. BURTON, 85 Warren Street, New York.**

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DELICATE, FRAGRANT, LASTING.
Its fragrance is that of the opening buds of Spring. Once used you will have no other.

If your dealer doesn't keep it send 50c in stamps for a bottle to
JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.
Juvenile; the Only Toilet Soap.

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the Staple Styles.

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and Boston

PUCK'S LIBRARY "Fly-Time" 10 Cents.
No. 26. All Newsdealers.

The man who wants to "raise the wind" is anxious to
see the "dust" fly.—*Vonkers Statesman.*

What is **The Library of American Literature**?
It will pay you to find out by writing to C. L. WEBSTER & CO., 3 E. 14th St., NEW YORK.

VICTOR King of Coasters



Down the hill you go—brake well in hand—flying gracefully along like a bird on the wing; stones and mounds fall behind, you laugh at danger—Victor's spring fork is pilot. Victor Bicycles are best. They challenge the world. Send for art catalogue.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.
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Chicago, New York, Philadelphia.

PUCK'S LIBRARY SNAP-SHOTS. 10 Cents.
No. 98. All Newsdealers.

NO NEED TO INTERFERE.

EXCITED LADY.—Why don't you interfere to stop that dog fight?

BYSTANDER.—I was just a goin' to, Mum; but you kin calm y'r fears now. My dog is on top at last, Mum.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

PRIDE COMES BEFORE A FALL.

MISS CAUSTIQUE.—I hear you won the 440-yards run.

DE BOASTER.—Oh, easily. The other fellows were n't in it.

MISS CAUSTIQUE.—Ah, you were the only one entered, I presume.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

PUBLIC WORKS.

AMERICAN TAXPAYER (*traveling in Egypt*).—What earthly use were all these monstrous pyramids? Why did the Egyptian governments build them? That's what I can't understand.

AMERICAN STATESMAN (*after reflection*).—Mebby there wor a divvy in 'em.—*New York Weekly.*

"ARE you a Harvard man?" she said.

The Freshman beamed with joy.

"That's what they ca'l me here, you know; At home I'm but a boy."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

PUCK'S LIBRARY ALL AT SEA. 10 Cents.
No. 27. All Newsdealers.

PLEASING HIS WIFE.

JINKS.—Why do you offer such a large reward for the return of that contemptible pug dog?

WINKS.—To please my wife.

JINKS.—But such a reward will be sure to bring him back.

WINKS.—No, it won't. He's dead.—*New York Weekly.*

MR. SCEPTIC.—By the way, Mr. Reasoner, how did you succeed on the New Jersey & New York R. R.? Secured your earthly paradise?

MR. REASONER.—Secured? No, sir; not yet. Too hard to select where so many beautiful homes are to be had. Will you go with me next week?

MR. SCEPTIC.—Anywhere but on the New Jersey & New York R. R. No, sir! No, sir! Good-by, my friend. (*Exit.*)

MR. REASONER (*soliloquizing*).—He is a good and true friend, but at the same time as stubborn as a—

MR. SCEPTIC (*reopening the door*).—Did you call me, Mr. Reasoner?

MR. REASONER.—Call you what? No, sir; I did n't. (*MR. SCEPTIC off for good.*) Well, if I don't cure you, next time, my name's not Reasoner.

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MR. SILVERSTONE.—In dot gase, Mister Schaumburg, I peg leave to inform you dot I don't marry Rachel on long gredit, but I will consider your note at thirty days mit brobber segurities.—*Texas Siftings.*

NOTE WHAT MORRIS PHILLIPS SAYS of Coronado Beach, California, in the New York Home Journal for March 25th. If you would like a copy of the elegant brochure which the Hotel del Coronado is soon to issue, apply to the Recreation Department of the Christian Union.

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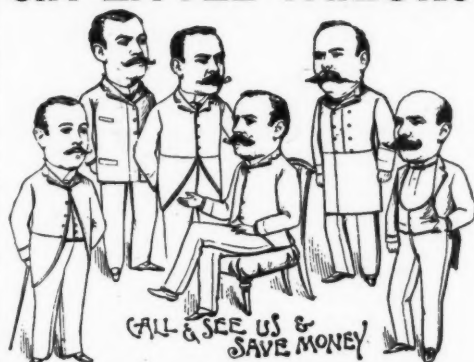
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SECOND CHAPPIE.—Y-a-a-s.

FIRST CHAPPIE.—Did you bag anything?

SECOND CHAPPIE.—Y-a-a-s, my twousers.—Harvard Lampoon.

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MRS. O'GROGAN.—They are that. Me man Moike was completely taken in by one last night, an' has n't got out yet.—Harvard Lampoon.

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MR. BJONES.—Any gentleman south of the Ohio.—Harvard Lampoon.

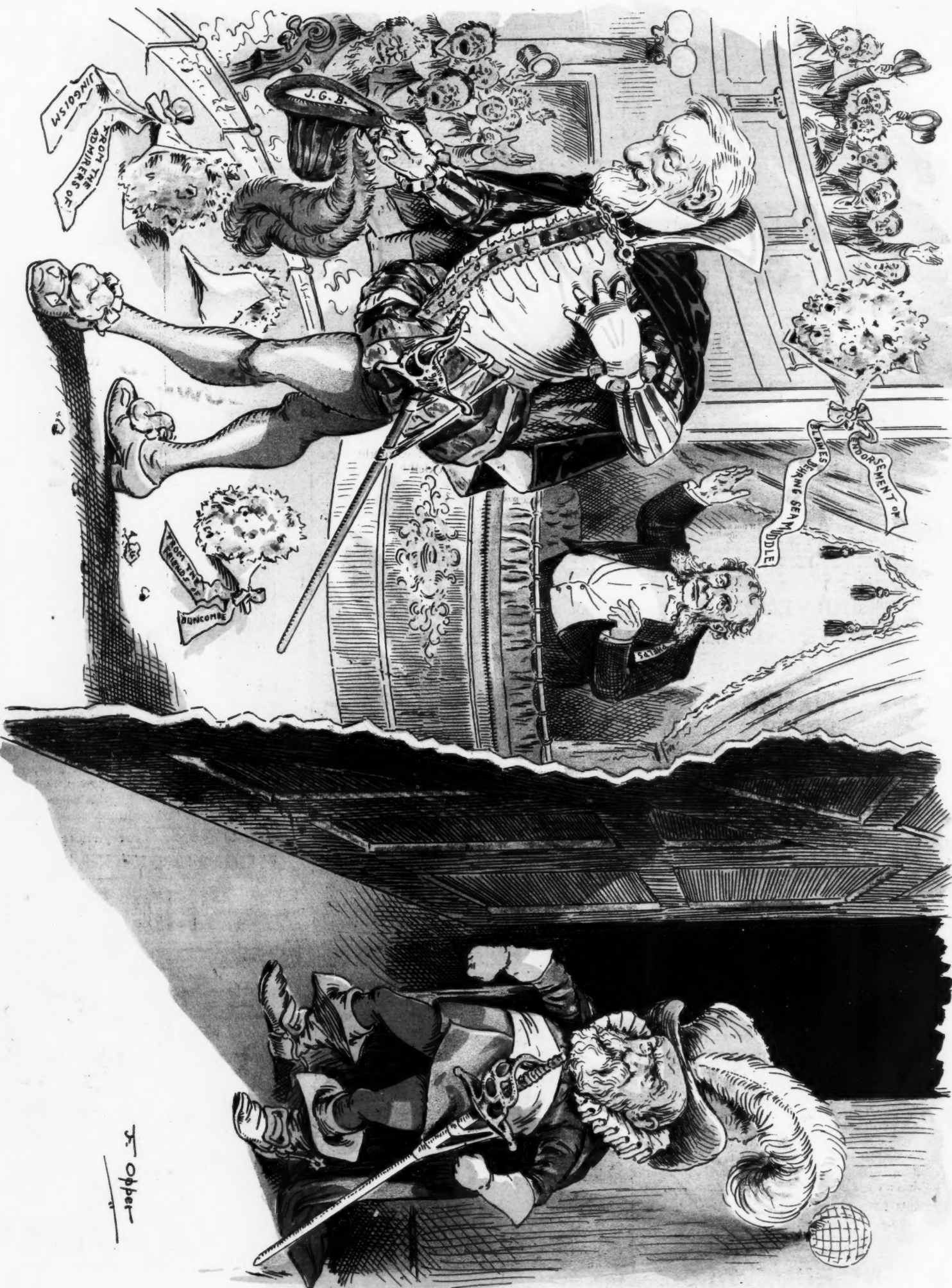
PROSPECTIVE Queens of May will, if they be wise, begin to provide themselves strips of red flannel for their prospective sore throats.—Boston Post.

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